CORNELL UNIVERSITY
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THE CALIFORNIAN

A PLAY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY

DAVID K. HIGGINS

AND

BALDWIN GARDINER COOKE

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"THE CALIFORNIAN"

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOSEPH BRAXTON, the Californian.....
FOXHALL DOWNS, the Kentuckian .....
TOM LINSON, the Friend .....
WILLY LAWNSDALE, the King of the Dudes .....
NED PENN, the Reporter .....
NORMAN GILES, the Banker .....
JOHN HOOD, the Broker .....
THE MARKER .....
THE CALLER .....
THE CASHIER .....
THE SPECTATOR .....
THE OLD SPORT .....
THE BUTLER .....
VIOLA, the Wife .....
FAITH HAVENS, the Heiress .....
ALICIA, the Banker's Daughter .....
MRS. GILES, the Banker's Wife .....
MARY, the Maid .....

Ladies, Gentlemen, Bettors, Jockeys, etc

SCENES laid in New York City and at Long Branch and Sheepshead Bay Race Track.

ACT I.

SCENE: A library backed by dining-room, in Braxton's house, Madison avenue, New York City.

Set: Door L. 2 E. and door with portière R. 2 E. Large French window L. 1 E. Folding doors, practical, C. in F.—when opened disclosing dining-room. Table set, etc. Desk, safe, books, bric-a-brac, paintings, easels, large Rochester lamp, R. Rooms sumptuously furnished.

Discovered: Linson seated L. Hood leaning on back of Linson's chair. Lawnsdale seated L. C. Penn leaning against back of large chair R. Giles up R. C. regarding bric-à-brac, etc.

Penn—Ha! Ha! Ha! That's good. That's the best I've heard in a long while.

Hood—Ah! but you're the sly dog, Tom Linson.

Linson—Oh! Willy doesn't mind. He can stand a laugh once in a while.

Lawnsdale—Bah! It was a beastly thing to do. Take another chappie's lady friend, and put up a scheme with her to send a chappie away whilst they eat the spread he ordered. Awfully low tone of you, Tom.

(Linson laughs, goes up to Giles. Hood turns to look out of window. Penn seated down R. C. writing in note book. Lawnsdale comes down to Penn.)

Giles (To Linson)—No expense spared here, Linson?

(Enter, Servant, R. U. E.)

Servant—Mr. Braxton, gentleman wishes me to convey his apologies. He is unavoidably detained, and will be with you in a few moments.

(Exit, R. U. E.)

(Giles coming down L. C. Linson C.)

Giles—Penn, you have material here for quite an article.

Penn—Yes, sir. A western millionaire's new mansion with a description of our dinner, and also an item, the sale of a gold mine.

Giles—By the way, Linson, how did you come to stumble over this mine?

Linson—Ah! You should have been in on that. Too late now. Braxton's the lucky one.

Giles—How was it? Tell me.

Linson—Blind fortune that led the chap who owned the claim to my office. I gave but little attention to his story.

Hood—Naturally. Supposing it to be of the usual piscatorial flavor.

Linson—Yes. Accidentally, I happened to mention of it one day whilst in the company of my two friends here (Points to Lawnsdale and Hood), and Mr. Braxton.

Lawnsdale—Awfully jolly way you did it, Tom. No slow coach, don't you know. (Penn looks keenly at Linson. Hood frowns at Lawnsdale. Giles smiles suspiciously.) Um!

Linson—Well, to make a long story short, at Braxton's suggestion I sent for the owner of the mine, and Braxton agreed to purchase if things were as claimed. So he sent me on with an expert to investigate and report. I just returned from California yesterday.

Giles—Sale consummated?

Linson—Well, yes; I advanced a few thousand to bind the bargain, and have here the transfer of title to our host.

(Refers to satchel on safe.)

Giles—What's the price?

Linson—Well, knowing Braxton won't object, I'll tell you. Only eighty-five thousand dollars. (Giles whistles.) But it's a bonanza.

Penn—I hope so. I wish him luck. He's the best of good fellows. One blustering night last March Braxton and I were crossing Madison Square, and one of those shabby, genteel old beggars stopped us. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am starving, lend me five dollars, and I promise you, on my word of honor, that I will never repay you." Braxton laughed, tossed him a ten-dollar bill, and went on. That's Joe Braxton, gentlemen.

(Enter, Braxton R. U. E., down C.)

Linson (Jumping up)—Ah! Braxton, here you are.

(Braxton takes Linson's hand first, then each of the others who greet him—manner very cordial.)

Braxton—Good afternoon, gentlemen; good afternoon, and welcome, welcome, all of you. Sorry to have been detained, and, Lawnsdale too.

(Grips his hand hard.)

Hood—We took the liberty of inspecting your mansion while waiting.

Giles—Fine house.

Linson—Braxton, I must congratulate you.

Penn—It's right up to date.

Braxton—But you've only seen a part of it: before you leave I will show you over. Ha! ha! You will see a house. Yes, gentlemen, I like it. It's a present to my wife. I expect her here to-morrow, from Frisco.

Penn—Does she travel alone?

Braxton—No, she brings with her an artist.

Omnes—An artist?

Braxton—A young lady, gentlemen, who is to remain with us some weeks and then proceed to Paris. I have never met her.

Lawnsdale—Then you don't know whether she is pretty?

Braxton—Of course she is. All our California girls are; and she's rich, too. Chance for you, Tom.

Linson—I'm not in the marrying line.

Lawnsdale—What's the fair Raphael's name?

Braxton—Faith Havens.

Penn—Faith Havens! I know her, know her well. We used to go to school together in Frisco.

Braxton—You don't say.

Penn—Yes. Her Uncle Blood, the Bonanza King, left her a splendid legacy; something to the tune of a half a million.

Lawnsdale—Tune, my deah boy—why that's a grand opera.

Braxton—That's the young lady.

Penn—The best girl in the world. Dear old Faith.

Lawnsdale—Ah! I shall take great pleasure in calling early, Mr. Braxton.

(All laugh.)

Giles (To Braxton)—You've made over this house to your wife, you say?

Braxton—Yes, sir. My wife has a free title to everything. It's my last day as boss, so let's celebrate it.

Lawnsdale—Without the refining influence of woman.

Penn—Lawnsdale's mind is always on women.

Lawnsdale—Can't help it, dear boy; their minds are always on me.

(All laugh.)

(Servant enters R. Braxton gives him an order.)

Hood—If the intended hostess is as jolly as her better-half, we may expect many festive opportunities.

(Butler ushers in Downs, L. 3 E.)

Braxton (Turns, sees Downs, advances to him, cordially shaking his hand)—Ah! At last. I was beginning to fear you would not come.

Downs—I reckon I'm on time, Mr. Braxton.

Braxton—So you are. Gentlemen, my friend, Mr. Downs of Kentucky. Mr. Hood, a broker, likewise my friend, Mr. Linson. Mr. Penn, of the New York Trumpeter; Mr. Giles, my banker; and, last but not least, Mr. Lawnsdale.

(Bus. of acknowledgments.)

Downs—Gentlemen, very happy to meet you all.

Braxton—Mr. Downs has come on here to run his horse in the Suburban, and we must wish him luck.

Lawnsdale—Ah! Mr. Downs, my deah fellow. I don't think you have any show to win; my horse Sunflower is entered.

Penn—That old skate.

(All laugh.)

Downs—Well, Mr. Lawnsdale, form is like the moon. It changes many times a month. There's two twixt us and race day.

Braxton—Well, may the best horse win and not a fluke.

Downs—Mr. Braxton, at heart you are a true sportsman.

(Doors open C., disclosing dining-room, sideboard, etc. Table set for dinner, flowers, wine, etc.)

Servant—Dinner is served.

Braxton—Gentlemen, permit me.

(All enter C. Business. Doors closed.)

(Laughter off C.)

(Pause.)

(Electric bell rings off L.)

(Laughter off C.)

(Pause.)

(Enter, Maid, door L. 2 E., followed by Viola Braxton and Faith Havens in traveling dress.)

(Maid X'es as if to exit R.)

Viola (C.)—Where are you going, girl?

Maid—To tell Mr. Braxton of your arrival.

Viola—No necessity. Mr. Braxton is entertaining guests, is he not?

Maid—Yes, Madam, a dinner party.

(Loud laughter off C.)

Viola (To Faith)—You see, my dear, what a rioter you encounter on your very entrance.

Faith (L.)—I trust we shall not have to join the revelry.

Maid—We did not expect Madam until to-morrow.

Viola (To Faith, aside)—"We!" (To Maid) Oh, indeed! Are there any lady guests?

Maid—No, Madam.

Viola (To Faith)—Surprising. (To Maid) You may see that our rooms are ready. I do not wish Mr. Braxton to know of our arrival until I so direct. Be quick.

(Laughter off C.)

Maid—Yes, Madam. (Aside) I like Mr. Braxton best.

(Exit R.)

Faith (Looking around)—How elegant everything is.

Viola (Sits R. C.)—The eye of the artist always attracted by the beautiful.

Faith (Stands C.)—It is faultless—perfect in tone, refined——

Viola—Thanks to the taste of the furnisher, and not of Mr. Braxton.

(Laughter off C.)

Faith—How happy you might be if he were only different.

Viola—I am quite contented. Mr. Braxton and I understand each other perfectly. He lives his life, I live mine. We never interfere with each other's pleasures so long as they are not obtrusive. I shall have to discharge that girl; she's too pretty.

Faith (Sits L. C.)—Is marriage a failure?

Viola—No, my dear, but man is.

(Laughter off C. Clink of glasses.)

Viola (Rises. Impatiently)—Why doesn't that girl hurry?

(Enter, Maid, R.)

Maid—This way, Madam.

(Exit R.)

Viola—Well, come dear. You shall have a good time in New York.

(At door R.)

Faith (X to door R.)—I know I shall never like it as I do dear old Frisco.

(Exit, Viola and Faith, R.)

(Folding doors opened by Servant.)

Braxton—That's it, George. Throw them wide open.

(Party at table. Wine glasses, filled, in hands.)

(Places at table: Lawnsdale R., Braxton C., Linson L. C., Hood L., Giles opposite Braxton.)

(All showing the effects of a little too much champagne.)

Linson (Rising, glass in hand)—Gentlemen, to our host. May sorrow never dim his eye, nor care wrinkle his brow, and upon the roster of the self-made men of our country may time ever keep bright the name of Joseph Braxton.

(Applause. All stand. Empty glasses. Braxton rises and bows.)

Omnes—Speech! Speech!

(Glasses filled.)

Braxton—Gentlemen: I am proud to have you here, my guests; and I am proud to know that everything I have was got through my own efforts, and, gentlemen, I mean to enjoy it. What's the good of money if you don't spend it for pleasure? What's the use of living if you can't grow from the shade into the sunshine? At twenty I was down and every man's heel seemed to crush me; but I said, "Braxton, you want a different soil to thrive upon;" and with a jumper on my back and an axe on my shoulder I bade Frisco, good-bye and started for the Redwoods. For five years I led the life of a wood-chopper in those grand old forests, and I made money. To get this white roll. (Picks up roll bread.) I have eaten black bread so hard I had to break it with a stone, but I made money. To be able to purchase this wine (Holds up wineglass filled) I have known a thirst that cracks your tongue; but I made money. Away to the broad plains of Texas I went; bought cattle, rode with the wild herds hundreds of miles, fought the prairie fires—and I made money. Fill them up, gentlemen. (All drink.) Again, I pulled stakes and sought the grain regions, bought and sold—more money. Back to Frisco, tackled the market—money, money; and to-day, gentlemen, I can write my check for a million. But I am not through. I shall make more, not to hoard in coffers, but to spend, to build colleges and libraries that shall bear my name. Pleasure and fame are what I seek; so that the name of Joe Braxton will stand, as the successful wrestler who has thrown the world.

(Sits down.)

Omnes—Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

Penn (Enthusiastically)—Gentlemen, we should be proud to live in a country that produces such men.

Giles—A country where a rail-splitter leaped to the head of the nation, and a tanner boy became the guest of monarchs.

Hood—Where all men are equal.

Linson—In all respects except as to the length of their bank accounts.

Lawnsdale (Tipsy)—And I'm the only King they ever crowned.

Hood—And who's your royal highness?

Penn (Puts flowers on Lawnsdale's head)—Lonny? Why he's King of the Dudes.

Linson (At Downs)—Our friend from the south is silent. Surely there are no remembrances of the past.

Downs—Sah! I am an American. That little affair that took place between us, gentlemen, taught Europe how Americans can shoot.

Braxton (Jumping up)—Right you are. (Glass up) Here's to the boy in Blue and his brother in Gray.

Downs (Jumps up—clinks glasses)—Both thoroughbreds, by Gad, sah!

(Omnes drink.)

Braxton (Coming down)—And now, gentlemen. (To Servant) George, the cigars.

(Business; all come out of dining-room. Servant brings cigars. All smoke.)

Lawnsdale (To Hood, coming down)—Awfully jolly fellow.

(Braxton and Giles come down. Others remain up. Linson goes to safe, from top of which he takes satchel, opens it and gets papers, deed, etc., during the following. Penn and Downs together; Lawnsdale and Hood.)

Giles (To Braxton)—You ought to be a happy man, friend Braxton.

Braxton—I am happy, sir.

Giles—Have you any children?

Braxton—No. There's something money can't buy—the face of a child that looks me in the eyes and says "Dad."

Giles—How long have you been married?

Braxton—About three years.

Giles—Oh! then you have hopes.

Braxton—Lots of them. If they only pan out.

Linson (Comes down with paper)—Mr. Braxton, here are your title deeds to the mine. Your attorney sent them to me this morning. He says they are flawless.

(Hands deeds to Braxton.)

Braxton—Thanks, Tom. Excuse me, gentlemen.

(Business—seats himself at desk R., unlocks, writes check.)

Lawnsdale (Up stage)—Hood, your coat's a beastly fit. You go to my tailor— (Hands card) Tell him I sent you.

Penn—Ah! Oh! (To a by-stander) King of the Dudes recommends his tailor to a friend.

Hood—All right, my boy; obliged to you.

Braxton—Here you are. (Hands check to Linson) My check for eighty-five thousand dollars.

Linson (Taking check)—Right.

Braxton (Takes deeds)—Now, then, that gold mine is the property of Joe Braxton.

Linson—Yes, and it is a mint, too.

(Puts check in pocket.)

Giles (To Braxton)—Have you ever seen this mine, Mr. Braxton?

Braxton (Putting papers in desk)—No; but Tom has, and that's just as good.

Giles (Smilingly)—Well, Mr. Linson, you evidently possess all of Mr. Braxton's confidence.

Braxton (Locks desk and turns round in chair)—He does. I never fell into the hands of rascals but once. It was during the Los Angeles land boom. I was speculating in real estate. Some fellows put up a job to sell me some lots to which they hadn't a clear title. I shall never forget that day when Tom Linson, a total stranger, came to me and showed up the plot. I was about to close up the sale, and the hounds threatened Tom for interfering; but he snatched away the papers and threw the pieces in their rascally faces.

Omnes—Good! Good! That's the stuff! etc.

Braxton (Rising, puts hand on Linson's shoulder)—I said then, here's a man to tie to.

Linson (Deprecatingly)—I only acted as any man would have done. I never could stand by and see a man swindled.

Lawnsdale (Comes down, glass champagne in hand, half tipsy)—Fine champagne! Ah! Braxton, have you any of the red label of——

Braxton—That's it. I got it on your recommendation.

Lawnsdale—Ah! It's the best brand. I can't drink any other.

Penn (Aside, to a by-stander)—King of the Dudes drumming for a wine house.

Lawnsdale—Chappie, I've a good thing for you.

Omnes—What is it? Out with it? etc.

Lawnsdale—Play Sunflower in the Suburban.

Omnes—Oh! Oh!

(All laugh.)

Braxton—Well, gentlemen, I'm no moralist, but on the question of horse race gambling, there's nothing in it.

Downs—You're right there, Mr. Braxton. The noble sport has degenerated.

Braxton—Oh! I like a good horse race.

Lawnsdale—Say, Downs, deah boy, what are your colors?

Downs—Jacket red and white bars, cap blue and white stars.

Omnes—The Stars and Stripes.

Linson—And you a Southerner!

Downs—I'm happy to say, gentlemen, that the South knows no other colors to-day.

Omnes—Good! Good!

Lawnsdale—I'll play you a game of billiards, Penn.

Penn—I don't play.

Lawnsdale (Quite tipsy)—Well, I'll play you, Braxton. Play, ah! Any man in the house for half a century.

Braxton—Does it take you that long to play a game of billiards?

Lawnsdale—No, no; that's the stakes—fifty.

Braxton—Fifty cents?

Lawnsdale—No; fifty dollars.

Braxton—Oh! Now you interest me. All right, I'll play you. Come, gentlemen, to the billiard room. Come, Tom.

(Goes up.)

Linson—I'll join you presently.

(L.)

Lawnsdale—Ah! I'll discount you.

Braxton—No, sir-ree. I always play even.

(All exit R. U. E., through dining-room, except Linson.)

(Linson, at window L., takes out check, looks at it, then pockets it.)

(Music.)

(Enter Viola R. 2 E. Linson turns half-round and sits.)

Viola (Sees him, starts, reels back, and clings to Rochester lamp for support, as Linson sees her, jumps up. Staring at him wildly)—It is you, you!

Linson—Viola!

Viola (Rushes to him, clinging to him. Intense excitement)—Do not expose me. I will go with you.

Linson (Sinks into chair L. C.)—Viola!

(Arm around her.)

(Music stops.)

Viola (On her knees, clinging to him excitedly)—I sought you everywhere; I advertised, but never a tiding could I get. My father died a bankrupt and suicide. The papers teemed with accounts of the disgrace. I said—I said—he will read it now—he would not desert me—days—weeks—months—I waited—and then—and then I said, "He is dead," and I mourned in secret for the husband buried in an unknown grave.

Linson—Ah! you did love me.

Viola—Love you? I loved you as a mother loves her child. I would have died for you. (Rises—intense reproach) But, where were you?

Linson—Come close. When I left you at your father's door that night——

Viola—Oh, the madness of that night!

Linson—We were romantic fools! I loved you: I was poor and your father——

(Fiercely.)

Viola—Hush! He is dead.

Linson—He was to blame. I knew when I was called home to England that he'd find a way to separate us, so I determined to have you. After we parted I walked the streets till daybreak; then boarded the steamer that was to bear me to London and a fortune. But there was none. My elder brother died a pauper, and my heritage was debts. I could not write to you and shatter every hope. I went to Australia—no luck. To China—no luck. Back here I came three years ago; sought you—you were gone—your father was dead. No one knew of you. I gave up all hope of seeing you again. Recently I have had some luck.

Viola—You are a guest here?

Linson—Mr. Braxton is my friend. I am his broker. I handle all his stock business. It's a godsend to me.

Viola (Head bowed)—Fate! Fate!

Linson (Rises)—But you have not explained your presence. You are not a guest. The hostess is not expected till to-morrow. Surely you are not a servant?

Viola—Yes, a servant; a woman married to a man she does not love is a servant.

Linson—You—do—not—mean?

Viola—I do—I do—I am Mrs. Braxton.

(Sinks in chair R.)

(Linson sinks in chair L. C.)

Linson—Good God!

(Rises.)

Viola (Wringing her hands)—I was alone—no father—no husband. What it is to be adrift in the world, you know as a man, but not as a woman.

Linson (Quickly)—Well, go on. You met Braxton, where?

Viola—At San Jose, California. I was a school teacher. He proposed marriage. It was an escape from poverty.

Linson—You do not love him, you say?

Viola—I tolerated him. But now— (Throwing her arms around him) Ah!

Linson—Does he know that you were married before?

Viola—That is known only to us.

Linson—Has he never spoken to you of me?

Viola—Never. We have few confidences. An incompatibility.

Linson (Walking up and down)—What a catastrophe! Think—if I claim you, or it is known, you stand in the light of a criminal. My prospects of assured financial success wrecked. Both of us outcasts.

Viola—What are we going to do?

(Despairingly.)

Linson (Earnestly)—What we can—do you love me?

(Coming close to her.)

Viola—You know——

(Facing him.)

Linson (Looking into her eyes)—We'll get rich through him. This house is yours—made over in your name by him. He is already embarked in a big venture on 'Change. I have his implicit confidence. You must delude him with caresses, flatter his ambitions, find out his resources. I will instruct you from time to time. If——

(Hesitating as if in doubt of her.)

Viola—Tom, I love you.

Linsin (Embraces her)—My wife!

(Music till curtain.)

(Braxton laughs off stage.)

Linson—Braxton; go quick.

(Viola exits R. 2 E. Linson turns, looks out of window.)

Braxton (Calls off stage)—Tom, Tom!

(Enters R. U. E.)

Tom! (Comes C.) Where are you, my boy—anything wrong?

(Re-enter Viola R. 2 E.)

Braxton (Sees her; surprise)—Well, by thunder! Where in— Well, ha! ha! This is a surprise. Bless your heart, Vi; glad to see you.

(Kisses her.)

Viola—We left Frisco a day earlier.

Braxton (Holding her hands)—And didn't telegraph me. Just like you. Well, by—here, Tom. Tom, let me introduce you to Mrs. Braxton. Viola, this is my friend, Mr. Linson.

(Linson advances cordially. Viola smiles. He takes her hand. Braxton very jolly.)

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE: A room in Braxton's cottage, Long Branch. Large windows looking out on ocean.

Discovered: Faith Havens painting at easel L. Penn looking out door R.

Faith—So you don't like Mr. Linson?
Penn—No.
Faith—Why? Mr. Braxton trusts him.
Penn—I know.
Faith—He controls all of Mr. Braxton's stock business.
Penn—He couldn't control mine.
Faith—You distrust him?
Penn—I think I should be legitimately robbbed.
Faith—What do you mean?

(Curiously.)

Penn—Well, suppose I had run up a corner on wheat, and had used my last resources. A rascally broker having full knowledge of the situation could quietly step in, play the market against me, and your humble servant would be just what he is to-day—broke.

Faith—And you call that brokerage?

Penn (Smiles)—They say Braxton is running up a corner on wheat.

Faith—And you think that Mr. Linson is not to be trusted?

Penn—Well, you've got my opinion of him. Braxton's all right; he's a Californian, I'm a Californian, so are you. I hate to see him get the worst of it—confound it! I wish I had some facts so I could talk to him—maybe I'm wrong; I hope so. I guess I'll go down and take a dip.

(Exit R.)

(Faith goes to door R.)

(Music.)

(Enter R. U. E., Linson and Viola, cross back of window C. and exit.)

Faith (Sees it; looks off as if she saw something—is shocked. Business)—Oh! Oh!

(Goes up, looks off at window C.)

(Enter Braxton R.)

Braxton—Hallo! Alone? What are you doing?
Faith (At easel)—Oh, nothing much.
Braxton (Goes to Faith, regarding her work)—That's pretty!
(She is painting flowers on velvet.)
Faith—You like it? Viola wanted something from my brush. It's a slight token of remembrance.

Braxton—As though we could ever forget you. But you're not talking of going away.

Faith—I've been with you ten weeks to-day.

Braxton—You're welcome to stay ten years.

Faith—I shall never forget your kindness.

Braxton—Now, now——

Faith—It is many years since I knew a home.

Braxton—Feel at home here, don't you?

Faith—Perfectly; I feel as though——

Braxton—You were one of the family. Our sentiments, exactly. Vi just loves you—and I—I like you. I like you because I like you. You are not like other girls—you're—when do you go to Paris?

Faith—In September.

Braxton—That's in two weeks. Do you know, that sort of worries me. I can't bear to think of you (Sitting) way off in Paris, alone.

Faith—I shall not be alone—I shall have my brushes—my paints—my studies——

Braxton—Your studies! You know enough now! They can't teach you anything. Why, I never thought about paintings and art—until you came—the only picture I ever cared for was a photograph of my mother. Your paintings are the finest I've ever seen.

(Tips over paint-box—tubes fall on floor.)

Faith (Rises)—Oh, Mr. Braxton!

Braxton—Never mind—don't stop—I'll put them all back very carefully.

(Business, picking them up.)

Faith—But you don't know——

Braxton—I know I don't, but you can arrange them afterward. Please keep to that—(Meaning her painting) I do like to watch you paint.

Faith—I am afraid you will spoil my work. Such a multiplicity of compliments.

Braxton—No danger, I guess. (Picking up tubes, putting them into box) Think I have them all. There's a little fellow tried to get away (Picks up one), and here's another. (Same business) "Rose." (Unscrews top, smells it) No rose there. Ah! It's your witchery makes it blossom. (Squeezes tube. Paint runs out over his hand) Here! Here! I didn't know the blamed thing was loaded.

(Shows her his hand all paint.)

Faith (Laughs, takes small sponge, puts alcohol on it from smal bottle in box)—Now, Im going to scrub very hard.

(Scrubs his hand with sponge.)

Braxton—Scrub away, just as long as you want to. (Business) Ever expect to get married?

Faith (Surprise; then amused)—Why—of course—when the right man asks me.

Braxton—I know the man.

Faith—You do? (Laughs and turns to easel) Well, I'm sorry, but I haven't the honor of his acquaintance.

Braxton—Tom Linson.

Faith—He?

Braxton—The best fellow in the whole world. I never had a brother—but if I had he couldn't be closer to me than Tom. Fine fellow, Faith; going to be a rich man one of these days.

Faith—Money doesn't always make happy marriages.

Braxton—Well, no—not always.

Faith—Would you have me marry a man I did not love?

Braxton—Yes, if he loved you. Your heart would soon follow your hand— (Stops) No, never marry a man you don't love. But, Tom—Tom, you know——

Faith—If I were poor, then I should know he married me for myself.

Braxton—You think so. You might be mistaken. Let us suppose you were poor; there comes one who sees the hardships you endure. He pities you, he marries you.

Faith—I should know he did not love me.

Braxton—No, you wouldn't; loving him, you would never perceive it. Well, after you are married you don't make him happy. There's a something wanted, and soon you begin to drift apart. You are no longer poor—he no longer pities you. Piqued, you treat him with indifference until at last he comes to regard you simply as a pensioner upon his bank account.

(This last spoken half in reverie.)

Faith (Regards him with deep interest).

Braxton—You, disheartened, become reckless and callous. There are quarrels—life goes not well with either of you. (Music, with deep intensity) Then the day comes when he meets one who rouses in him the strong passion of love. His heart goes out to her at their very first meeting. Her truth—her innocence—her nobility of character—are to him like sight to the blind—there's the danger, Faith. Be sure that he loves you—sure that you love him. There's no curse like a loveless marriage. Don't let money stand in the way; but love comes first—always—and Tom—you know you care for him—look me in the eye. (Takes her hands) Do you call that looking me in the eye? (Indicates that she is looking over his left shoulder. Laughs) You know you do. Why, you couldn't help loving him any more than he could help loving you. (Shows his own love for her in his last tones) (Half confused) Here! Where's your hat? (Takes her hat from easel, where it has been hanging) Let's take a run down to the beach.

(Exeunt, Faith and Braxton R.)

(Enter, Viola L. C., followed by Linson. She removes hat.)

Viola (Music stop)—No one here. (Goes to window) She seems to enjoy his society.

Linson—He doesn't appear to miss yours very much.

(L.)

Viola (Turns quick)—You have been paying her altogether too many attentions.

Linson (Sits L.)—Absurd! Common, ordinary courtesies. Can't I speak to a woman without exciting your jealousy?

Viola—That is a proof of my love.

Linson—I've had proofs enough. You'd have me continually sitting in a corner following you with my eyes. Let up.

Viola—You don't realize my position.

Linson—You don't realize mine.

Viola—What have you to complain of?

(Bitterly.)

Linson—Oh, hardly worth mentioning. Only, don't consider yourself the martyr. I wish I was as well fixed. You have two husbands. I have not even one feminine possession.

Viola (Excitedly)—How much further is the end?

Linson—Viola! When you are yourself, I have something to tell you.

Viola (Coming front of him)—What is it?

Linson—Sit down. (She does so) Sure you're calm?

Viola—Yes.

Linson—Braxton wants me to marry Faith Havens.

Viola (Jumps up)—Marry Faith Havens—marry her! Oh, ha! ha!

Linson (Nervously)—Easy, will you?

Viola (Laughs)—Don't you want me to give away the bride? Ha, ha, ha! Have you proposed?

Linson—Not yet. But I shall.

Viola—You'll do nothing of the sort.

Linson—It's necessary. The game is in my hand—but let Braxton suspect us and it's all up. If I propose to her it will disarm suspicion.

Viola—But if she accepts?

Linson—I suppose the engagement couldn't be broken off later? How dull you are? You must curb this foolish jealousy!

Viola (Sinks on sofa)—Oh, it's all so hard to bear! So hard to bear!

Linson—It'll all be over in another fortnight. (Taking her toward door R. 2 E.) Then we'll go to England and live. Some one is coming. Only trust me—there! there!

(She exits L.)

Bah! I'm sick of her.

(Enter, Faith R. Linson advances cordially.)

Ah! Miss Havens, I've been waiting for you.

Faith—Oh, Mr. Linson, I thought you were at the beach.

Linson—I was, but I came up here to see you.

Faith—To see me? (X to easel) Well?

Linson—Miss Havens, I am what the world calls a poor man—you are rich—I know how my words might be misconstrued—sordid motives attributed—but I ask you—do not misjudge me so, Miss Havens. Faith, I love you.

Faith (Rises excitedly)—Don't—don't!

Linson—I'm no fortune hunter. In a short while, a few months, I'll be as wealthy as you are.

Faith (Change of motion to interest)—You surprise me.

Linson—To-day I'm master of the wheat market. A nod of my head—a raise of the finger—and prices fluctuate as I wish.

Do you know what that means? This: that in less than three weeks I'll realize more than a million dollars.

Faith—And Mr. Braxton——

Linson—Hang Braxton! It's you I'm thinking of—you I care for—I want to come to you with this million—and say——

Faith—Wait—wait. It's my ambition to be rich—immensely rich—you say you love me!

Linson—Yes—yes!

Faith—You say that you are a comparatively poor man with small capital—can make a million in three weeks—what can I not win with my fortune? Women speculate on 'Change, don't they?

Linson—Yes, yes; I will be your broker.

Faith—No, no, that wouldn't do. I don't want that—they might find out then, and I don't want them to know. Any broker can act for me. You send me information daily of how the market will stand.

Linson—You'll keep it a close secret.

Faith—I promise that, my oath if necessary. Surely you can trust the woman you say you love.

Linson (Takes her hand passionately)—You shall see—Faith, if you knew how I loved you.

(Enter Braxton C. Enter Viola L.)

Braxton (Comes down)—Ha! ha! ha! Of course she knows. Tom, you lucky dog. What do you say, mother? Shall we give our consent? Think you could stand Tom for a son-in-law? I guess it's a match. (Goes to them) Faith, I know Tom Linson—he's my friend. Tom, her heart's as true as her face is fair. You are going together through the forest of this life—like two little children, gather all the flowers you can. Keep the color of health in your cheeks, the sparkle of joy in your eyes—and you'll never wander from the trail that leads to a happy old age. God bless you both.

(Turns away.)

Braxton—Oh, Vi! (Opening coat, takes out case, necklace) I almost forgot it; let me put them on.

(Puts them on Viola's neck.)

Viola—Pearls.

Faith—How beautiful!

Braxton (After putting them on)—How's that, Tom?

Tom—Beauty adorned.

Viola—I wonder if you will be as indulgent to your wife as Mr. Braxton is to his?

Braxton—It may be the last present I can give for many a day. Hey, Tom? If the market smashes, I tell you, old girl, I'll have to shoulder my axe, and, ha, ha, ha, you'll have to go to teaching school. (Laughter outside) Here they come from the water. They'll want a drop to warm them up.

Viola (To Faith)—Come, dear.

Faith (Crossing to Viola. Both going up L.)—Viola!

(Linson, Faith and Viola exit R. U. E.)

(Enter, Mr. and Mrs. Giles, followed by Lawnsdale.)

Mrs. Giles—Norman, you have killed me with that run up the hill.

Giles—Ah! Braxton, there you are. In regard to that exchange——

Braxton—Now, now, I bar business to-day.

(Talk apart. Enter Penn and Alicia.)

Braxton (To Mrs. G.)—How was the water?

Mrs. G.—It was delicious, and Mr. Lawnsdale is such a delightful floater. As graceful as a canoe.

Lawnsdale—Now, my dear Mrs. Giles, really.

Mrs. G.—Oh, you are; you know you are.

Braxton—Now I know you'll all take a nip after your plunge. What shall it be, Miss Alicia?

Mrs. G.—A little sherry, dear.

Alicia—Yes, a whole lot.

Braxton—Ha, ha, and yours, Mrs. Giles?

Mrs. G.—I think——

(Whispers to Braxton.)

Penn (Aside to Alicia)—I shall be out to the party Friday night.

Alicia—Oh, will you?

Penn—You must promise me six dances.

Alicia—Six!

Penn—Well, make it eight.

Mrs. G. (To Braxton)—And make it light, please.

Braxton (To Giles)—And now, General——

Giles—Give me a stiff Manhattan cocktail.

Braxton—I know yours, Penn. (To Dawnsdale) And what will his Royal Highness have?

Lawnsdale—Ah, mix me a ricky, old chappie.

Braxton—How do you mix it, my boy?

Lawnsdale—Ah, you take a glass of cracked ice—take two limes—express the juice—add a little sugar—a dash of gin and a couple of sprays of carbonic water, and there's your ricky. Oh, its a summer dream!

Braxton—I'll give you the whole four seasons.

Mrs. G. (To Alicia, aside)—Alicia, you are flirting outrageously with Mr. Penn.

Alicia—Outrageously, mama?

Mrs. G.—Yes, outrageously.

Alicia—Oh, no, mama—only just plain flirting.

Braxton (Aloud)—Oh, Mrs. Giles, did you say you'd have that whiskey plain or in a cocktail?

Mrs. G.—Did I say whiskey, Mr. Braxton. Really, you must have misunderstood me—I said——

(Going up to him, whispers.)

Braxton—Oh, yes, yes, yes!

(Exit, followed by Mrs. Giles.)

Giles (Following)—Oh, yes, yes, yes!

(Exit.)

Lawnsdale (To Penn)—I see we are rivals.

Penn—Not for a minute, I don't see where you come in at all.

Lawnsdale—Ah, old chappie, I've stolen a march on you. I have the mother's consent.

Penn—All right, old chap—I have the daughters.

Lawnsdale—Really, old fellow. You're not giving me a steer, are you?

Lawnsdale—You're not giving me a steer, are you?

Penn—No, it's straight.

Lawnsdale—Well, there's my hand. Ah, Miss Alicia, permit me to offer my congratulations.

(Alicia comes down.)

Penn—No, no, my boy. We don't want it to get out just yet.

Lawnsdale—All right, old chappie; I won't publish it.

Penn (Aside)—I haven't asked the girl yet.

Alicia—What did you say, Mr. Lawnsdale?

Lawnsdale—I, ah said, permit me to offer my congratulations.

Alicia—For what, Mr. Lawnsdale?

Lawnsdale—Ha, ha! He's told me all. He's asked me to be best man.

Alicia—Best man?

Lawnsdale—Yes, at the wedding, you know.

Alicia—No, I don't know. Whose wedding?

Lawnsdale—Why, your wedding. Ah, I had hoped to have him for best man, don't you know; but—ah well.

Braxton (Calls off stage)—Lawnsdale, here's your summer dream.

Lawnsdale—Where's that dream?

(Exit.)

Alicia—What have you been telling him?

Penn—Oh, nothing much; I only——

Alicia—What did he mean by congratulating me, and talking about my wedding?

Penn—Well, you see, he told me he had your mother's consent, and I told him I had yours.

Alicia—Oh, you did! (Aside) Well, don't you think it would have been just as well to have consulted me first?

Penn—Oh, that's all right. I'm going to interview you right here. Sit down.

(They sit. Business, Alicia.)

Alicia—Certainly. What are your qualifications?

Penn—I love you.

Alicia—Oh, I know that; but we can't live on love, you know—we must have a house on Riverside Drive, horses, carriages, and servants—you know it's the way I've always lived. Can you give me all this?

Penn—Well, not on my little fifty a week per.

Alicia—Then we'll have to wait till you can. We can go on loving each other just the same.

Penn—Say, Ally, what's the name of that poem where the lovers are parted and wander all over creation and finally meet in a hospital and die?

Alicia—You mean Evangeline. Poor Evangeline.

Penn—I wasn't thinking of her. I was thinking of Gabriel.

Alicia—Their souls were united in Heaven.

Penn—Yes. Well, I'd like to be married on earth.

Alicia—Is the interview over?

Penn—Oh, come now, Ally, be serious. You know you love

me. Your eyes have said "Yes" all day. Won't you say you'll have me?

Alicia (Embraces him)—Of course, you goose.

(Enter Giles L. 3 E.)

Giles—Well, young lady, are you having a successful day?

Alicia (Still in Penn's embrace—quietly)—Yes, sir; I'm enjoying myself hugely. (Then breaks and runs to Giles, throws arms around his neck) Oh, papa, I'll never leave you!

(Runs out L. U. E.)

(Penn goes up to L. U. E.)

Penn—Oh, papa, I'll see you later.

(Exit L. U. E.)

Giles—Well, by George—— (Laughs) "Sketches by Faith Havens." I wonder what that girl wants to see me about. (Opens portfolio; examines sketches) People shouldn't leave things lying about if they don't want them handled. (Takes out sketch, regards it intently) Braxton—not bad—that young lady has talent. (Looks at another sketch, then looks on easel) Hum! Braxton again—a favorite subject of the artiste evidently. Hum! (Looks at another sketch) Ah! (At another. (Picks out another, holds it up) And Braxton again—but I never saw him look like that—dejected—the light gone from his face—the very picture of despair.

(Enter, Faith. Giles rises, book in hand.)

Miss Havens, when did you ever see Mr. Braxton look like this?

Faith—Oh, that is what artists call a "fancy," an imaginative sketch.

Giles—Your imagination must be far-sighted—looks like a prophecy for me. Hum! (Puts down portfolio) Well, what can I do for you?

Faith—You are Mr. Braxton's banker. He's in financial troubles.

Giles (Turns quickly)—How do you know that?

Faith—Never mind. I want to help him.

Giles—Explain.

Faith (Hurriedly)—The bulk of my fortune is in collaterals that can be quickly converted into cash, or used as securities.

Giles—Well?

Faith (Comes close to him)—I want to deposit in your bank all of these collaterals for you to draw upon.

Giles—For me to draw upon?

Faith—And buy wheat. That would hold the market up, would it not?

Giles—Market? Wheat? What are you talking about?

Faith—Wouldn't it help Mr. Braxton's chance on 'Change?

Giles (Rises, advances to her)—Do I understand that you propose to risk——

Faith—My entire fortune, if necessary, to save him.

Giles—Humph! Miss Havens, I have always regarded you as a sensible young woman—but—your acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Braxton has not been of long duration?

Faith—No. I met Viola, Mrs. Braxton, last winter at Monterey, California.

Giles—And Mr. Braxton, you have only known him since you arrived in New York.

Faith—Yes.

Giles—And for the sake of an immature friendship——

Faith—Mr. Giles, my childhood was passed in the wild foothills of the Sierras. My father was a prospector—a gold hunter. Mother and I never had a home. We were always moving, moving. At last father was killed in a mine; soon after I lost my mother. Then I went to live with my Uncle Blood, my father's half-brother. He was rich, a bachelor and a woman hater. Years before he had loved my mother. Well, he adopted me—brought me up in luxury, but never spoke a word of affection to me. He died and left me his fortune. But, oh, how much more I should have valued his love in life. Since my mother went, the only ones who have ever shown me those tender kindnesses that touch the heart—you feel that it is for yourself alone they do it—have been Mr. and Mrs. Braxton.

Giles—Um!

Faith—You recognize I know, Mr. Giles, what I am unable to convey. I mean the feelings we have when we are surrounded by our own. How we could protect them, make any sacrifice to secure their happiness, and take pride in their success as though it were a part of our own.

Giles—You have not consulted Mrs. Braxton upon this subject?

Faith—They must never know. Will you do me the favor to accept my offer and act at once?

Giles—As a man of business—as the father of a daughter—I must refuse.

Faith—You turn your back on a woman in distress?

Giles—I never did.

Faith—You do so now. For their welfare is my welfare, their danger is mine.

Giles—My dear girl, you really must not think of it. The chances are you'd fail. Think how your uncle struggled to make this fortune. What would he say?

Faith—What is money to the dead?

Giles—Think of yourself. You'll reduce yourself to poverty; for, once you're in the game, you'll go it to your last dollar—I can see that. You'll sacrifice all for a man whose egotistical ambitions—whose mania for millions—have brought him to this pass. He had enough. Why did he not stop? No, he's a mountebank.

Faith—I thought you were his friend—has he any? He is the noblest, truest gentleman I ever knew.

Giles—If Mr. Braxton were not a married man now, I should say you had fallen in love with him.

(Faith shrinks.)

Giles—Pardon me! I spoke a thought that vanished as it came. You think I am not a friend to Braxton. I like him—as a neighbor and as a man—but business and friendship make a bad co-partnership. I know how you feel, but you must not go into this mad venture. Braxton may weather it. So let that

little head of yours stop all its planning—you came to the right one when you came to me. You'll follow my advice, won't you?

(Faith slowly shakes her head.)

Giles (Starts to go)—Oh, well; before you move, think it over. (Goes up. Comes to her) If you ever need a home, come to mine.

(Exit R. door.)

Faith—I'll see Ned Penn. He'll tell me what to do. We must begin to-morrow. (Picks up fortfolio) If he were not a married man, I should say you had fallen in ———

(Shows dawn of idea of her love for Braxton—is overawed by it and exits R. 2 E.)

(Downs at door R., knocks. Enter Servant L., goes to door.)

(Downs enters L.)

Downs—Does Mr. Braxton live heah?

Servant—Yes, sir. Will you walk in?

Downs (Enter R.)—Ah! Please inform him that Mr. Downs would like to see him on a matter of business.

Servant—Yes, sir. (Goes up to L. 3 E., stops) Did you say "Downs"?

Downs—Mistah Downs of Kentucky.

(Exit Servant L. 3 E.)

Fine place! There's no use denyin', these Northern folks know how to live. Winter in the city—summer by the sea. They've got the best of it, sure enough.

Braxton (Off L. 3 E., loud) Where's that jug of old blue-grass whiskey?

Downs—I ain't forgotten, I see.

(Smiles.)

(Enter Braxton, jug and glasses.)

Braxton—Downs, my boy, glad to see you.

(Shake hands.)

(Music stop.)

Downs—Right glad to see you, Mr. Braxton.

Braxton—You're not looking bright; been sick?

Downs—Little off my feet, sah.

Braxton (Pushing over jug and glass)—Have an appetizer. You prefer it straight, I know.

Downs—Every time, sah. No mixed drinks for me.

Braxton—Help yourself.

Downs (Pours out glass of whiskey)—That's the real blue grass, sah. Hospitality in every drop.

Braxton (Same business)—Drink hearty, Downs.

Downs—My best wishes, Mr. Braxton. (Drinks) Smooth as oil.

Braxton—Well, how goes things? How's your horse, Mongrel?

Downs—Fine as silk, sah!

Braxton—And the big race getting closer every day. But you don't look happy. Ain't homesick?

Downs—Yes. Reckon I am homesick.

Braxton—Have another drink. (Business, pours out glass) Cheer up, old boy—think of pulling off the great Suburban, and you and Mongrel going back home in flying colors.

Downs—We'll never go back together, sah; fur, you see, I've got to sell Mongrel.

Braxton—Got to sell him?

Downs—I must, to save the old home. A mortgage foreclosure, sah; they promised to hold off till the first of July, but they've come down on us and I've got to raise the money in three days.

Braxton—What's the amount?

Downs—Three thousand dollars. Reckon the old house isn't worth that much, but it's home. Father was born in it; I was born in it, too. Why, sir, when I first looked out the window, there was never a fence to meet my eye. After the war, they put a fence around a mile away from the house, and year by year that fence has been closing in nearer and nearer. You see, sah, father had more honor than business capacity. Times were hard; till three years ago all our stock went under the hammer. All, exceptin' one colt that no one would buy. They said he was a mongrel, and I named him that so's in the future they'd know and remember him; for it was a lie. He's the true Bonnie Scotland blood. Well, sah, the old place was mortgaged next—and there it is with the fence in ten feet of the veranda, going like the rest.

Braxton—And Mongrel has gone to save it from the sheriff, eh? Not as you expected, by winning the Suburban stakes, but by changing owners.

Downs—You've hit it, sah, sure enough! Mr. Braxton, I'm a turfman. Hosses have been my life. Mongrel is all I have; I raised him from a colt. I love him, sah, and I can't bear to see him go into hands that'll run his legs off, and then when he's broken down put him to jumping the sticks till he breaks his neck. No, sah; Mongrel has been the property of a gentleman, and I allow to sell him to a gentleman. He stands a show for the big race, sah, and I'll stay here and train him just the same, sah. Mr. Braxton, I know you're not on the track, but, sah, I want you to buy my hoss.

Braxton (Business)—Have another drink. (Downs pours out glass full) How much did you say?

Downs—Three thousand dollars.

Braxton (Rises, goes to desk, during following opens desk and writes check)—Where are you stopping now?

Downs—At Coney Island.

Braxton—Near the track, eh?

Downs—Yes, sah; I sort o' live with Mongrel.

Braxton—Run down and see us occasionally. Mrs. Braxton is going to give a little party next week. I'll let you know. We'll expect you, sure. (Brings down check, to Downs) There you are, my boy; pay to the order of Foxhall Downs. It is all right?

Downs (Looks at check)—Hardly, sah; you made it out for $3,500—I only said $3,000.

Braxton (Looks at check)—So I did. Well, let it go; he's worth it. Why don't you drink?

Downs—Waiting for you, sah.

Braxton (Pours out glass for himself)—Well, here's to Mongrel.

(Both drink.)

Downs—You have taken a weight off my mind. Now, sah, when shall I deliver Mongrel to you?

Braxton—Why, Downs, my boy, I don't want your hoss.

Downs (Rises)—But, sah?

Braxton—Run him, my boy. If you strike luck you can pay me back.

Downs—I didn't come to presume on your friendship, Mr. Braxton. I came to sell Mongrel.

Braxton—Well, sir, you'll have to go elsewhere, you can't sell him here.

Downs—Then, sah——

(Offers check.)

Braxton (Laughingly)—Ha, ha, ha! Your Southern pride, fine thing. I like you for it. Let this be a debt of honor.

(Music till curtain.)

Downs—A debt of honor?

Braxton—To please me—for the old folks——

Downs (Business, puts check in pocket. Takes out watch)—My train is due. I must hurry. Good-bye, Mr. Braxton.

(Going to door.)

Braxton (Follows him)—Good-bye.

Downs (Turns at door, grasps Braxton's hand)—There's a gray-haired couple down in Kentucky that thanks you.

Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENE: Same as Act II.

TIME: Night.

A lawn fete is in progress.

Discovered: Alicia, Penn, Giles, Mrs. Giles, Lawnsdale and guests. Lawnsdale L., surrounded by ladies.

Alicia—We're all going over to Sheepshead to the races tomorrow, and we're all going to bet. Now, Mr. Lawnsdale, you must give us a tip on the Suburban.

Lawnsdale—Ah, you won't give it away?

Omnes—No, no!

Lawnsdale—Ah, play Sunflower. Great horse, Sunflower.

Penn (Comes down)—Yes, the last time I was at the track I played him—ladies, I plunged on Sunflower. It was a hot race. When they got off, Sunflower was——

Giles—Last!

(All laugh.)

Mrs. Giles—Norman!

Alicia—Papa!

Penn—Yes, sir, Sunflower was last, and I shut my eyes and saw my good money melting like a snowball in——

Giles (Sees Hood, who enters)—Hello, Hood.

(Goes to him.)

Penn—But when I opened them again, there was Sunflower coming along like——

Giles (To Hood)—The devil!

Mrs. Giles—Norman!

Giles—Beg pardon!

(Exit with Hood.)

Penn—Sunflower was coming along like a streak of light——

Lawnsdale—Gweat in the stwetch. Gweat in the stwetch.

Penn—He just flashed past every horse in the race as if they were cows.

Lawnsdale—He's a deah! He's a deah! (Deer)

Mrs. G.—How lovely!

Penn—"Ah ha!" says I, "Penn, here's the easiest money you ever made in your life," and I just stood there in breathless amazement and watched them finish.

Mrs. G.—Oh, dear, how positively delightfully exciting.

Lawnsdale—How much did you win, deah boy?

Penn—Nothing!

Omnes—Nothing!

Penn—Sunflower stopped before the finish.

(Omnes laugh and exit.)

Alicia (Going out with Penn)—Mr. Lawnsdale, I don't think we'll play Sunflower.

(Laughs.)

Mrs. Giles—Shall we stroll, Mr. Lawnsdale?

Lawnsdale—Aw! chawmed, Mrs. Giles, chawmed!

(Business. Faith enters, meets Penn. Alicia goes out with Hood. Penn and Faith talk as they go.)

Mrs. Giles—To the pavilion, please.

Lawnsdale—Chawmed! Chawmed!

(Exeunt. Linson strolls in, meets Faith, who bows coldly and passes out with Penn.)

Linson (Looks after them. Braxton enters, looks at Linson, turns to ice cooler, takes glass, makes noise. Linson turns)—Ah, at last! We have wondered.

(Comes down.)

Braxton (Coldly)—I missed the early boat.

Linson—Quite a tumble the market took this morning. That's the reason I came down at noon to see you.

Braxton—And left everything in the hands of the enemy.

Linson—What could I do? How did wheat close?

Braxton—Ninety—strong.

Linson—The devil, you say. Why, she boomed right up again. Did you make a raise?

Braxton—Raise? (Harsh laugh) No, sir; my unknown friend again.

Linson—Who can it be?

Braxton—Give it up. It's a mighty strange affair. Third time it's happened. The very moment I am cramped for funds somebody runs the price down, and then just as unexpectedly somebody sends it up again. Well, here's to my mysterious friend. (Drinks) And if there's a secret enemy, I'll——

(Crushes glass in hand.)

Linson—Why excite yourself? We're safe—we'll win.

Braxton—Think so? (Sneer) Blowed if I see it. That great gold mine of yours—humph! The syndicate's expert reports that the ore assays a dollar per ton.

Linson—A trick to purchase it cheap.

Braxton—They refuse it at any price.

Linson—Bluffing! (Snaps fingers) That mine is worth double the amount you paid for it.

Braxton—Want it? Half the figure'll buy it.

Linson—I'd take you quick—if I had the money.

Braxton—Money! Damn the word!

(Bitterly.)

Linson—Oh, now, come, come, you'll weather it.

Braxton—Who started the break this morning?

Linson (Slowly)—I think it was Hood.

Braxton—Any idea who he was acting for?

Linson—I did my best to ascertain. No.

Braxton—You lie!

Linson—Braxton!

Braxton—He was acting for you. Two hundred thousand bushels of wheat were thrown upon the market at its opening. Hood did it, acting under your orders. You secretly speculated against me.

Linson (Rises)—I deny it; it's a slander. Well, by George! this beats me.

(Sits.)

Braxton—No, it beats me. Tom, I guess I'll have a change of deal. My transactions must be turned over to some other

broker. I didn't think you'd do it, Tom; I thought our friendship would keep away the temptation—curse the money!

Linson (Rises, facing Braxton)—Braxton, do you insist upon insulting me, aspersing my integrity?

Braxton (Rises, leans over table)—To thunder with your integrity. What I am after is to get out of this scrape with a whole skin. My ship is nearing the breakers—I want a pilot, not a wrecker.

Linson—That's sufficient, Mr. Braxton. I'm ready at any time to make a transfer. I shall of course expect a settlement in full.

Braxton (Ugly)—Expect what?

Linson (Friendly tone)—Probably you do not know that the commissions due me during the past five weeks I have not drawn, but applied them to keep up your margins. I did it to hold you over—until——

Braxton—I got a loan on the mine. Very kind of you. How much do I owe you?

Linson—In the neighborhood of thirteen thousaid dollars.

Braxton—When do you want your money?

Linson—Well— (Shrugs shoulders) within a day or so.

Braxton—This is Friday. Do you want it Monday? Yes or no?

Linson (Pause. Business-like tone)—Upon considering it, yes.

Braxton (Repeating)—Yes. Tom Linson, I would willingly give every cent of the fortune I have staked on 'Change rather than have heard that little word "yes." Do you know what it did? It tore away a mask; a mask so deftly, devilishly designed that one believed it animate, glowing with truth, honor and loyalty. The face of a dear friend—you—well, you are not he; you're a clever rascal, and I am a damn fool.

Linson (Half laughs)—Well, it's not to emphasize your last expression—only a suggestion for you to consider. No broker will accept the responsibility of such a load without a pretty heavy additional margin is put up. Some twenty or thirty thousand dollars—a neat sum to raise at short notice just about now, eh?

Braxton—You just attend to your own concerns. You'll have your money Monday noon sharp, and see to it that you have my transactions, every one, in shape for transfer; don't dare to trifle with any of them. If that account is not straight, somebody'll be hurt. You think you've got me lassoed. Keep thinking so. Go sell your information to others. I read your purpose—do it—and as sure as daylight I'll break you. I'll break them. You'll learn then how a woodsman makes a clearing. That's all.

(Linson starts to go towards R. Enter Viola through window C.)

Viola (To Linson, not seeing Braxton)—Ah, I have found you. This is our waltz.

(About to take his arm.)

Braxton—Pardon me, Viola.

Viola—Oh, when did you come? Why—what's the matter?

Braxton—Nothing that you have done, my dear. We will excuse Mr. Linson. (Exit Linson R.)

Policy was all that kept me from strangling him.

Viola (Alarmed)—What has happened? Speak! What has he done?

Braxton—Done? By Jove, I can hardly believe it. It's a clean knock-out. That gold mine he roped me into buying was a perfect swindle, and to-day I caught him secretly playing the market against me.

Viola—I can't believe it.

Braxton—Oh, he's admitted it. (Viola clasps hands) And I'm going to get my business out of his hands right away, or I'm lost. He knows I'm hard up and he's taking advantage of it. He's using the money he beat me out of on that mine. Think of it, my own money to fight me on 'Change! He'd steal the roof from over our heads. Vi, we must beat him.

Viola—Oh, let us not talk business to-night. Hurry, dress and join our guests. They are all wondering at your absence.

Braxton (Astonished)—Vi, you haven't got your eyes open yet. You don't see where we stand. It's rough, I know, but you've got to bear it. Every inch of property I own, every penny I have in the world, is lost if we delay. I'm deep in the game, but you're my right bower. You'll pull me out. A hundred thousand more will make them so sick that they'll jump the ring and the stakes are mine. Vi, we must raise it on the house in town.

Viola—And lose it with the rest—never.

Braxton—We won't lose it. Confound it; somehow you don't seem to realize the devilish strait we're in.

Viola (Sarcastically)—How should I? You've always kept your wife so well informed, bestowed so many confidences——

Braxton—I know, Vi, I haven't been the most loving of husbands; and you—well I think it's pretty nearly even up; you see you're high strung, and I'm mulish and reckless and not as soft spoken as I should be, and we've chopped on opposite sides of the trunk—each on his own hook, never looking at the other's work, or speaking words of caution. The tree's a-swaying now—it may fall and crush us both. There's a common danger—there's a common work. Let's forget our faults; let's be partners—man and wife.

Viola—To consummate this delightful compact the wife must sacrifice her home.

Braxton—Why, Vi, I gave you that home.

Viola—And now you want to gamble it away.

Braxton—Speculation has made me. Everything you have was got by it.

Viola—Only to be lost again.

Braxton—If I failed, the house would have to go.

Viola—In that event it would save me from want.

Braxton (Pause)—How about me?

Viola—I suppose you'll go back to chopping wood.

Braxton—By Jove, woman, you are going too far. Is this how you repay me for the luxuries I have heaped upon you standing before me ablaze with jewels, sneering at my distress? Why did you marry me?

Viola—For your money.

Braxton—Money—money.

Viola—Surely, you never entertained the delusion that any other motive induced me to bear your name?

Braxton (Calmly—sadly)—I wonder, Viola, is there any truth in this world? But you are my wife—marriage is a sacred tie, no matter how innocent or depraved we may be——

Viola—A knot sometimes tied so tightly that it wounds those whom it unites. Braxton, what ever caused you to select me as your wife?

Braxton—I saw a brilliant young woman struggling with poverty—one who had been brought up in luxury. I pitied—admired her. I thought we would find happiness together.

Viola—You never loved me—ours has never been a true marriage.

Braxton—No, it has always been a question of dollars and cents with you. At the very beginning you sold yourself.

Viola—Well, you bought me.

Braxton—Yes; I bought you. I was ignorant.

Viola—And I was poor—a drudge of a school marm, ready to become the wife of any man of wealth.

Braxton—The worst drudgery would have been far better than the worthless wasted years we have lived together. Better for you, better for me; but bitter words won't mend matters. God knows we've had enough.

Viola—Too many! Faith Havens is very rich, why don't you go to her?

Braxton—By heaven, Madam, if she were in your shoes I wouldn't have to stand begging here.

Viola—Ah, indeed!

Braxton—Once for all, will you save me?

Viola—Sell my home? No—not if it separates us.

Braxton (Fiercely)—Then, by the Eternal——

Viola—Don't make a scene.

(Crosses coldly, exits C.)

Braxton—Stumped, by Thunder, stumped! God, has the world turned against me?

(Enter Downs, R.)

Downs—Good evening, Mr. Braxton.

Braxton—That you, Downs? Come in, come in, sit down.

Downs—Thank you, sah! Right pleasant evening.

(Sits.)

Braxton (Abruptly)—Downs, suppose you gave your wife a hundred thousand dollars, and got into a tight scrape and needed the money to get out and she wouldn't give it up. What would you do?

Downs—Cut her damn head off.

Braxton (Sits)—I only suppose a case.

Downs—I only suppose you do, sah.

Braxton (Intensely)—What if a man played you the Judas trick?

Downs—He'd never have a chance to go out and hang himself, sah. I would anticipate him.

(Bus.)

Braxton—I mention no names.

Downs—I'm inquiring none, sah.

Braxton—Downs, do you remember that dinner at my home in the city last Spring?

Downs—Never will forget that day, sah.

Braxton—I did some pretty tall bragging that day, huh! I believe I compared myself to a wrestler who was to throw the world.

Downs—I trust that you've held your luck, sah!

Braxton—My boy, a tricky scoundrel tripped me up on Wall Street.

Downs—Hasn't got you down on your back, has he?

Braxton—Well, I'm under.

Downs—Sorry to hear that, sah. I'm sincere, you must know that for sure, Mr. Braxton. You've been more'n a friend to me, that's why I'm here to-night. Not to join the festive throng, but to see you, sah, on a mattah of the greatest importance. I come, sah, to give you a tip on that hoss race to-morrow.

Braxton (Musingly)—Oh, yes; you run the Suburban to-morrow.

Downs—The biggest race of the season, sah, and my hoss, Mongrel, is going to win it. It's certain sure as to-morrow comes. (Intensely.) This morning Mongrel beat the mile and a quarter record by two seconds. There's Bonnie Scotland blood in that Claybank colt and he was born with lightning in his heels.

Braxton—Downs, your enthusiasm is catching. How much money can be won on a horse race—ten thousand dollars?

Downs—A trifle.

Braxton—Twenty thousand?

Downs—On a race like the Suburban, fifty—yes, a hundred thousand.

Braxton—A hundred thousand. That would do it. With a hundred thousand, Tom Linson, I could meet you Monday. How much money will I have to put up to win that amount?

Downs—On Mongrel? He's a long shot—he'll be selling to-morrow at 30 and 40 to 1.

Braxton—Would five thousand do it?

Downs—Just about hit it, sah.

Braxton—Come out here, old nest egg. (Brings out old money belt.) They've swept in everything on the board. They think they've cleaned me out, but we're not playing table stakes, and I'm still in the game. (Lays belt on table—open.) I'll play the race, and I'll back Mongrel.

Downs—By Gad, sah, you shall have a run for your money.

Braxton—I know it. (Half aside.) I'm still in the game.

Downs—And now to get your money up right! New York City is full of pool rooms—fifty or sixty—at least. That newspaper friend o' yours could tell you all about 'em——

Braxton—Penn—yes, I'll see him.

Downs—The trick is to place a fair-sized bet in every one of 'em—then when the odds begin to drop make a plunge. I could get in a thousand to good advantage in the betting ring at the track, that is, sah, if you are disposed to trust me——

Braxton—There you are.

(Gives him money.)

Downs—Mr. Braxton, your confidence does me honah. By Gad, sah!

(Grasps his hand.)

Braxton—I'm not afraid of you, Downs. If that horse wins to-morrow, you're going to pull me out of a heap of trouble.

Downs—I reckon as how you've got a lead-pipe cinch, sah. You cast your bread on the waters, sah—may it come back in the best time on record. Good night, Mr. Braxton.

Braxton—Good night, old fellow.

Downs (Goes to door R.—returns.)—The stakes are worth about thirty-five thousand dollars. Command me to the full amount after the race—good night. (Goes, and returns.) You just spoke, sah, 'bout somebody playin' you the Judas trick. If you'll kindly point out the gentleman to me I'd like to take a pop at him—after the race. Good night.

(Exit R.)

Braxton (Solus)—Good night. One door closes, another opens. What if it is a horse race. It's all gambling anyway. There's a chance yet. I'm still in the game.

(Bus. About to pocket money-belt. Stops; buckles it around him.)

No! It's safer here. Tom Linson, I'll meet you Monday—Curse them both—both! What if—no, no, not that, not that—and yet—well, I wouldn't put it past them.

(Enter Faith R. U. E.)

Faith—Viola said you were here, and wanted to see me.

Braxton—She did? Well, she's right. I do want to see you.

Faith—What is it?

Braxton—I've got something to tell you. It's going to make you unhappy—but it's for your good, and I've got to do it.

Faith—I am sure, Mr. Braxton, you would say nothing to me that I should not hear.

Braxton—You're right there. Faith Havens, I once placed your hand in that of—a man—and blessed you both. I thought he'd make you happy. I took him for a square man. But he's a scoundrel, unworthy the trust of man or the love of woman.

Faith (Impulsively)—I m so glad, so glad—I——

(Checks herself.)

Braxton (Pause)—Glad?

Faith—Why—yes, yes—I—I—let me go, Mr. Braxton, you have said sufficient——

(Starts to go.)

Braxton—Wait a minute, wait. You said "glad"—you bewilder me. It's a night of revelations, but this beats them all. I tell you that the man you are engaged to marry is a scoundrel and you are delighted to hear it—What——

Faith—I cannot explain—do not ask me—I know my words must seem strange, but it is enough that I believe you—that I despise him—I will go away——

Braxton—You despise him. Then you never loved him—why did you accept him?

Faith—Because—I thought—I could get his confidence—get proofs. I could not speak without proofs—Oh! You do not understand——

Braxton—I understand enough to ask for more.

Faith—What more can I tell you? I believed he was betraying you—in your business relations.

Braxton—And you had no other motive?

Faith—What other motive could I have?

Braxton—Your question is no answer. There's something else.

Faith—It is cruel to detain me.

Braxton—Was it to save her? She is your friend—but the truth, the truth—was it to save her?

(Viola and Guests at window R. U. E.)

Faith (Crosses him)—I will not answer you.

Braxton—You must, Faith, you must.

(Detains her, putting arms around her. Enter Viola R. U. E. Guests follow.)

Viola—So! In his arms again. And not the first time. How long I have suffered——

Faith—Viola!

Viola—Suffered in silence. (To Faith.) But you have betrayed yourselves: at last I can speak—the world shall know——

Faith—Viola, are you mad?

Viola—Mad? Is it not enough to drive a woman mad?

Faith—Viola!

Viola—Don't touch me!

Faith—In the name of our love——

Viola—Your love—ha, ha! Go!

Faith (Turns to Braxton)—You, you, tell them that it is all a mistake—a hideous mistake. Save me, speak—speak—tell them the truth.

(Braxton has been seated eying Viola. At Faith's last line, Viola starts to go up to Guests. Is intercepted by Braxton—Action all very slow.)

Braxton (Hoarsely)—You—Jezebel! I see through and through you. You trump up this lie to mask your own shame—False wife, false friend—those roses cover a heart that never knew a pulse of pure affection. Damn you, damn you, damn you!

(Tears them off. Viola shrieks, terrified, screams. Fiercely.)

Slander this innocent girl, will you? Take it back, or I'll——

(Threatening her.)

Viola (Crouches in terror)—Tom! Tom!

Braxton—"Tom—Tom"—call the coward's name—where is he?

(Enter Linson through door R., unconscious of what is happening.)

Viola—Tom, save me, save me from that man!

(Throwing herself into Linson's arms.)

Braxton—You see, you see——

(Pointing to Viola and Linson.)

There is the truth.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Tableau I.

SCENE: A view of the paddock at Sheepshead Bay on Suburban Day.

Band off stage R. playing in distance as curtain rises.

Various racing characters discovered. A jockey mounts and rides out of the paddock—Enter Lawnsdale and Ike Ivory, a jockey. Talking earnestly—Lawnsdale as if giving orders.

Enter Linson, hurriedly—excited manner.

Lawnsdale (Turns, sees him)—Hello, Tom! What's up, dear boy?

Linson (Hands telegram to Lawnsdale)—Read that.

Lawnsdale reads:—"Braxton is playing Mongrel heavily in all the pool rooms. Are you throwing us? Hood."

Linson—I gave Hood the tip on Pompadour— I mean Sunflower.

Lawnsdale—Oh, Hood needn't worry.

Linson—No? Well, I've been worrying. Mongrel must stand some show. Downs has given Braxton the tip. I'll bet you if Mongrel wins Braxton stands to pull down a pile.

Lawnsdale—But he can't come first, my dear fellow; he isn't in Sunflower's class.

Linson—I'm taking no chances. Mongrel's rider is doped now. He'll go round the track in a dream.

Lawnsdale—Long head, Tom—Long head!

(Exeunt to stable L.)

(Enter Downs—Hands full of betting tickets.)

Downs—Red hot scrimmage in that crowd, but I got my money up, good.

(Enter Jones—a Jockey—dressed in Downs' colors—Red, white and blue.)

Downs—Hello, boy! Been waitin' for me? We'll go over to the stables and fetch Mongrel now.

(Jones staggers.)

Jones—All right, Mistah Downs. Oh, my head!

Downs—What's the matter with you?

Jones—My head's buzzin' like a merry-go-round.

Downs— Been drinkin'?

Jones—I'se doped—I'se poisoned.

Downs (Grasping him closely)—Come here! Gin!

Jones—Dey doctered it, Massa Downs; 'fore heaven, dey did.

Downs—They doctored it? Who doctored it? Speak up?

Jones—Dat—dat gentlemen dere.

(Points off.)

Downs—Linson! They're trying to foul me!

Jones—I'll ride, Mistah Downs! I'll ride.

Downs—You infernal black idiot! Have you weighed in?

Jones—Not yet, sah.

Downs—Thank your lucky stars! Off with that jacket!

(Business stripping jacket off Jones.)

Give me that cap!

(Takes cap.)

Jones (Bewildered)—What you doing, Marsa Downs?

(Falls, sitting on ground.)

Downs (Pulls off boot)—No! (Throws it down). I can't go the boot. (Goes up to weighing stand). Take down Jones off'n that board.

Clerk—Who shall I put in, sir?

Downs—Put in "Downs."

(Exit L.)

Clerk—Jones has been at it again.

Weigher—Drunk as a fiddler.

Clerk—Here comes Sunflower.

Weigher—A good looker, but he hasn't got the sand.

(Enter trainer leading in Sunflower—followed close up by Lawnsdale.)

(Lawnsdale giving directions.)

(Enter Linson and Ike Ivory in close conversation.)

Linson—Remember, Ike, I've got 25,000 up on Pompadour.

Ivory—Oh, Sunflower can't do a mile and a quarter.

Linson—He musn't.

Ivory—He shan't.

Linson—Pocket him if you can.

(A jockey on horse passes at back.)

Linson—There goes Pompadour.

(Cheers off stage.)

Lawnsdale—No, that's Mongrel.

Linson—The colors are similar; but that's Pompadour, the favorite. He's carrying a load of money to-day.

(Ike Ivory mounts Sunflower and rides off.)

Lawnsdale—They're all out but Mongrel.

Linson—Come on—he doesn't count.

(Exeunt Linson and Lawnsdale.)

(Enter Downs in jockey suit, leading on Mongrel. Goes to weigh in. Some one advances towards Mongrel.)

Downs—Hands off. He'll stand alone. (To a little stable boy): Keep clear of his heels, nigger—he'll kick you to kingdom come. Here, boy, here's a dollar; go git me a glass of corn whiskey and keep the change.

(Boy runs out.)

(Bugle call for race, heard off stage.)

Downs (To Mongrel)—Hear that, Mongrel, old boy—that's the last bugle call—call to the battle. D'ye heah? 'Course you do. Fight 'em to the last inch, and I'll be with you. Run their hearts out. Over in the big city there's a man I loved has staked his last dollar on ye, and down in the blue grass the old folks are prayin' for you. Run, boy—run their hearts out.

(Jumps into the saddle.)

Enter Boy (With glass of whiskey—Heah's your corn juice, mistah.

Downs—Keep it till I come back—win or lose, I'll want it then.

(Rides off.)

(Stage darkness.)

(Change of scene—disclosing interior of horse-race pool room in New York City.)

ACT IV.

Tableau II.

SCENE: For set see scene plot. Horse-race pool room in N.Y.
Discovered: At rise, Characters betting, talking, etc.

Marker—Hurry up, gentlemen; they'll be at the post in a minute.

(Bus. of making bets.)

First Bettor—Give me ten on Early Rose.

Seller—Fifty to ten on Early Rose.

(Bus.)

Second Bettor—Two hundred on Pompadour.

Seller—Three hundred and twenty to two hundred an Pompadour.

(Bus.)

Third Bettor—One hundred on Pompadour.

Seller—One hundred and sixty to one hundred Pompadour.

Box Caller—Say, Bill, make Pompadour six to five.

Marker (Does so)—Gentlemen, make your bets—you only have the great Suburban once a year.

Old Sport (To spectator)—Pompadour wont be "one, two, three."

Spectator—Who'll win it?

Old Sport—Why, Long Slipper—he'll win it in a walk. What are you playing?

Spectator—Pompadour.

Old Sport—Well, you want to hedge quick. I'd bet a million dollars Long Slipper wins it.

Tout (Passing)—Ha, ha, ha!

Old Sport—Never mind, I had it once.

Spectator (To Marker)—Say, Bill, who's going to get it?

Marker—Early Rose stands the best show.

Spectator—Would you back it?

Marker—Would I? Why, it's like finding it.

Spectator (Goes to window)—Give me one hundred on Early Rose.

Seller—Four hundred to one hundred Early Rose.

(Bus.)

(During this Marker calls boy and gives him money. Boy goes to window buys ticket.)

Seller—Forty-four to twenty, Pompadour.

(Bus.)

Box Caller—Say, Bill, what's the price of Prairie?

Marker—Twelve to one.

Box Caller—Make it fifteen.

Marker—All right. Fifteen to one, Prairie.

(Boy brings Marker ticket.)

Tout (To young fellow)—Say, mister, who yer playing?

Young Fellow—I haven't done anything yet.

Tout—I'll give you the tip if you keep it quiet.

Young Fellow—What is it?

Tout—Will yer do the right thing?

Young Fellow—Of course I will.

Tout—Well, come ahead.

(Takes him to window.)

Young Fellow—Tell me what it is first.

Tout—Put up your rags.

(Young Fellow takes out money.)

Tout—How much you goin' to put up?

Young Fellow—Fifty.

Tout—Tell him to give you Common Sense.

Young Fellow—No, he has no show.

Tout—Do as I tell yer. Dey been running him crooked all de season. He'll win it, sure. My brudder rides him.

Young Fellow—It's sure?

Tout—Yes, go on.

Young Fellow (To Ticket Seller)—Common Sense.

Seller—Well, you look as though you needed it. Six hundred to fifty, Common Sense.

(Bus.)

Tout—I'll see you after the race.

(They separate.)

Spectator (To Old Sport)—What do you think of Sunflower?

Old Sport—Yaller.

Spectator—His owner is backing him heavy I hear.

Old Sport—Sunflower hasn't got any more show to win than that "hoss" Mongrel, and he never was in a race in his life.

(Tout and Young Fellow meet.)

Young Fellow—I thought you said your brother rode Common Sense.

Tout—Well, who says he doesn't?

Young Fellow—Why, Saunders rides him.

Tout—Well, ain't he my brudder?

Young Fellow—Why, he's a nigger.

Tout—Say, cully, yer slow. He's my half brudder.

(Separate.)

(Penn enters, scans board.)

(Giles enters, scans board. Both buy tickets—they meet.)

Giles—What the dickens are you doing here?

Penn—What the dickens are you doing here?

Giles—Let's go get a ball.

(Exeunt.)

Marker—Be lively, gentlemen! They'll be at the post in a minute; it's the great Suburban, gentlemen. It's a mile and a quarter, gentlemen. Worth $35,000 to the winner this year.

(Enter Braxton—goes to board—scans it eagerly.)

Braxton—Mongrel twenty to one. The odds are dropping.

(To Old Sport.)

Where do you buy your tickets, here?

Old Sport—Right over there, that window.

(As Braxton goes to window.)

Tout (Following him)—Say, mister, I've got a big thing for you if you'll take it.

Braxton—Never mind, young man.

Tout—I tell you there's only one horse in this race.

Braxton—And that's mine.

Tout—Pompadour's sure money.

Braxton—All right, my boy.

(To Seller.)

One hundred on Mongrel.

Seller—Straight or place?

Braxton—Straight.

Seller—Two thousand to one hundred, Mongrel. Want any more of it, sir?

(Bus.)

Braxton—Yes, I'll take another hundred.

(Bus.)

Seller—Two thousand to one hundred, Mongrel.

(Bus.)

Tout—Say, you're a jay.

(Goes away.)

Old Sport (To Spectator)—Playing some tout's tip.

Braxton (Goes down)—I've staked it all—all but this. (Counts small roll of bills.) One hundred and twenty-six dollars. I'll wait here for the report of the race. Is it to be? Will that horse save me?

Old Sport—I'd like to get up another thousand on Long Slipper.

Box Caller—Say, Bill, make Long Slipper 8 to 1.

(Bus.)

Old Sport (Rush for window)—Give me two dollars' worth of Long Slipper.

Seller—Sixteen to two, Long Slipper.

(Telegraph ticks strong.)

Marker—There they go, gentlemen.

(Several rush to buy tickets.)

Box Caller—Say, Bill, who have you got up on Mongrel?

Marker—Jones.

Box Caller—Rub it off.

Marker—All right.

(Does so.)

Box Caller—Downs rides him.

Marker—Who?

Box Caller—Downs. (Spells—D O W N S.)

Old Sport—Never heard of him.

Tout—He's de owner.

Old Sport—That settles Mongrel. The boys'll never let a gentleman jock outride them.

Tout (To Braxton)—You hear dat? Mongrel is good as beat now.

Old Sport (To Braxton)—You better hedge, my friend.

Tout—Put a thousand on Pompadour.

Old Sport—Put it on Long Slipper. Long Slipper's the one horse in this race. Don't listen to that damn tout—Go 'way!

(To tout.)

Box Caller—Rub out Mongrel's price.

Marker—No sooner said than done.

(Bus.)

Box Caller—Make it fifty to one.

Braxton (Goes to window)—One hundred and twenty-six on Mongrel.

Seller—Sixty-three hundred to one hundred twenty-six. Any more?

(Bus.)

Braxton—No, it's my last.

Old Sport (Song)—Bid me good bye and go.

(Laughs.)

Young Fellow—He's taking big chances.

Old Sport—Young man, you're always taking big chances when you bet on a horse race.

Spectator—Pop, you're right!

Old Sport—Right! I've been following it for the last twelve years. Look at that bookmaker—see his diamonds—look at me. Where's the percentage?

Spectator—Why don't you quit it?

Old Sport—I'm waiting for my horse to come in. What's life, anyway, but a race for money? It's a turn of the card from Wall Street to faro.

Braxton—I'll wait here till it's over.

(Telegraph ticks.)

Caller—They're at the post, gentlemen. Close her up, Bill.

Marker—Ever thine! Here she goes. It's closed, gentlemen.

(General excitement. Telegraph ticking.)

Old Sport (To Braxton)—That was a big play you made on Mongrel, my friend.

Braxton—Think so?

Old Sport—You're dead game, that's plain. Sorry you didn't take my tip on Long Slipper.

Braxton (Solus)—It's a hot-bed of greed and vice. They hold the cards, there. If Mongrel comes first, I'll have some of the spoil of those thieves to fight the others. If Mongrel comes first——

Old Sport—You don't appear like a habitué of these dens of iniquity.

Braxton—It's my first experience.

Old Sport—Rest easy, it won't be your last. There's a craving, sir, that always brings you back, win or lose. It's like malaria, once get it, and it's hard to shake it.

(Goes up.)

Caller—Mongrel is cutting up at the post. Won't go in line with the others.

Tout—Oh, he'll tire himself out.

Caller—Prairie won't get in line. Long Slipper is running away.

Tout—Bye, bye, pop.

Old Sport—Shut up!

(Buzz of conversation.)

Marker—Be quiet, gentlemen.

(Ticker strong.)

Caller—They're off!

Marker—Be quiet, gentlemen, and you'll get it all.

Caller—Long Slipper in the lead.

Old Sport—What did I tell you?

Caller—Sunflower second, Osceola third.

Marker—Quiet, gentlemen.

Caller—At the quarter, Long Slipper by half a length.

Old Sport—That's my horse—get there, Long Slipper.

Caller—Sunflower second, Early Rose third.

Spectator—Early Rose!

(Looks at ticket.)

Tout—Pompadour's layin' back.

Old Sport—There's no layin' back here. This is a race from end to end.

Caller—At the half, Sunflower, by a head; Early Rose second, Prairie third.

Spectator—Long Slipper's out of it.

Tout—He's shot his bolt.

Old Sport—Don't you believe it. Long Fitz is on him. He's seen that the pace was too hot. He's just taken a wrap on him. That Sunflower always sets a killing pace.

Tout—He's killed Long Slipper.

(Dodges into crowd.)

Marker—If you want to hear the race you've got to be quiet, gentlemen.

Caller—At the three-quarter, Early Rose, by a length. Minstrel second; Pompadour third.

(Cheers.)

Cries—He's coming up—It's Pompadour, etc.

Caller—It's anybody's race yet.

Tout—Pompadour's a cinch with Harrison up. Wait till he begins to hump his back in the stretch.

Marker—Now, gentlemen, you must keep quiet, if you don't, I can't hear it.

(Laughter.)

I'm an interested party. They're nearing the finish.

Now here comes some more.

(Silence. Bus. Strikes blackboard with rubber.)

Caller—At the mile and an eighth, Minstrel—— (Some ha, ha's through room.) By a length, and running easy. Pompadour second. ("Ah's.") Princess Feather third—the others—

Old Sport—Where are the others?

(Laughter, then silence.)

Caller—The others are coming fast.

Braxton—No Mongrel yet!

Marker—Silence, gentlemen, this is the last quarter.

Caller—Into the stretch—Monstrel and Pompadour running neck and neck.

(Cheers—excitement.)

Cries—It's Pompadour—it's Pompadour!

Marker—Quiet, gentlemen!

Caller—Prairie third, Long Slipper coming up fast on the outside.

Old Sport—Ah! Come, Long Slipper; come a-running, come a-running!

(Bus.)

Marker—Silence!

Caller—The others in a bunch and close up, all under whip and spur.

(Silence. Tick distinct and loud. Breathless suspense. Tick, tick, tick.)

It's a close finish!

(Tick, tick, tick.)

Caller—Pompadour wins!

(Big cheers. Men wave tickets. Consternation of losers. Braxton, all through scene—intense interest. Is down stage apart from crowd.)

Caller—Minstrel second.

(Cheers.)

Long Slipper third.

(Crowd up stage.)

(Old Sport comes down to Braxton.)

Old Sport—Well, partner——

Braxton—Is it all over?

Old Sport—It's all over, including the shouting. They beat us, didn't they? Let's go home. (Braxton staggers.) Sit down, partner; don't take it so hard. You look bad. Wait, I'll get you a drink.

(Exit.)

Braxton (Dazed)—Lost, lost—my last dollar. They beat us—Mongrel, they beat us. You did your best, I know. It was not to be—they beat us—beat us!

(Mechanically draws revolver, raises to head—suicidal attempt.)

Caller—Hold on!

Braxton—(Realizes—drops pistol. Throws pistol across room.)

(Buries face in hands.)

Caller—Pompadour didn't win that race.

(Enter Old Sport with glass of whiskey, drops it.)

Omnes—Ah! Ah!

Caller—There was a mistake in the colors.

Cries—Who's the winner? Who got it?

(Etc.)

Caller—Why, Mongrel got the race.

Braxton—Ah! Mongrel! Mongrel! Tom Linson, I'll meet you Monday!

(Strong excitement in crowd. Men tearing up tickets, etc.)

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE: Exterior of Giles cottage at Long Branch.
TIME: Two weeks after the race.

Mrs. Giles, Alicia and Lawnsdale discovered at rise of curtain.

Alicia—Just think of it. The very last day we shall be here, and he disappoints me.

Mrs. G.—My dear, men are all alike; thoughtless when we least expect them to be.

Alicia—But I didn't think Ned was like other men.

Lawnsdale (Aside)—He certainly isn't like me.

Alicia (Looking at watch)—It's quarter to seven—he promised to be down on the noon train and hasn't got here yet.

Mrs. G.—My dear Alicia, your father last Tuesday was to drive me over to Elberon. I was putting on my bonnet when he said: "Haven't you got that on yet? Well, I'll be back in five minutes." John brought the dog cart—fifteen minutes went by—no father—a half hour—an hour and a half—and then indignation overcame me. I hastily removed my gloves and bonnet, and was about to dismiss the cart, when in he came, laughing and making a great bustle.

Lawnsdale—Ah, what did the dear old boy say?

Mrs. G.—He looked at me and audaciously gave vent: "Great heavens! mother, haven't you got that head-piece on yet?" But where do you suppose he had been? Our neighbor, Mr. Barnes, met him and dragged him to his hennery, and he became so engrossed in estimating the avoirdupois of the feathered bipeds that he forgot our drive.

Lawnsdale (Aside)—A cock fight. (Aloud) Ah, my dear Mrs. Giles, a fellow has to amuse himself.

Alicia—I do not perceive the necessity.

Mrs. G.—I have striven ever since our marriage to relieve Mr. Giles of that responsibility, but to no purpose.

Lawnsdale—Deah me, such a charming lady. Some chappies never know when they are in luck. So you sail to-morrow.

Mrs. G.—To-morrow night we go on board. We sail at seven o'clock the next morning. Oh, that dreadful ocean voyage!

Lawnsdale—It's going to be awfully slow when you're gone. I had promised myself a trip across the pond this summer, but the Suburban upset all my plans.

Mrs. G.—Ah, Mr. Lawnsdale, I am afraid fast horses will be your ruin.

Lawnsdale—It isn't the fast horses that ruin a chappie, it's the slow ones. It was all Sunflower's fault. The beastly brute wouldn't extend himself. Ah, Miss Havens accompanies you to Paris, I believe.

Mrs. G.—Yes, she is very anxious to go, poor dear.

Alicia—Here he comes at last. No—it's Mr. Downs.

(Enter, Downs, R.)

Alicia—Oh, Mr. Downs, how kind of you not to forget us.

Mrs. G. (Crosses to Downs)—My dear Mr. Downs, so delighted to see you.

Downs—Madam, the pleasure is mutual.

Lawnsdale—Downs, old fellow, how are you?

Downs—How d'ye, Lawnsdale, how d'ye. The soft balmy air, your beautiful lawns, make me feel like I was in old Kentucky.

Mrs. G.—Famous for its blue-grass region.

Alicia—The honor and gallantry of its men.

Downs—The beauty of its women.

Lawnsdale—And its deuced fast horses that break us chappies in the East.

Mrs. G.—Mr. Downs, you are quite the hero of the season. You certainly remain with us this evening.

Downs—I have been promising myself that pleasure, madam.

Mrs. G.—We're expecting Mr. Braxton and Mr. Giles every moment.

Alicia—I hear the train coming. I'm going to run down to the gate and meet them.

(Exit R.)

Mrs. G.—If you will excuse me, gentlemen, I will inform Miss Havens of your presence.

(Exit house R.)

Lawnsdale—Ah, Downs, that was a great finish you made.

Downs—I was on the back of a great hoss, sah.

(Sits.)

Lawnsdale (Offering cigarette case)—I, ah, only smoke the Turkish.

Downs (Taking out cigar)—'Bliged to you, sah. But I stick to Henry Clays.

(Both light and smoke.)

Lawnsdale—Lucky you rode Mongrel. Your jockey got drunk, they tell me.

Downs—He was drugged. Do you know, I've been suspecting you of having a hand in that job.

Lawnsdale—Sir, you shock me.

Downs—Oh, I know who laid the game.

Lawnsdale—Then ah, why suspect me?

Downs—Well, you see, sah, you and he's always been so hand and glove like.

Lawnsdale—Yaas—who?

Downs—That Linson fellow.

Lawnsdale—He!

Downs—Ah, it wasn't the only work he did that day either.

Lawnsdale—No?

Downs—No. You see, he'd been backing Pompadour in all the winter books.

Lawnsdale—Backing Pompadour?

Downs—He reckoned your Sunflower wouldn't be fit on the day of the race, but you had him in fine shape, sah.

Lawnsdale—Why, Tom put big money on Sunflower.

Downs—A hundred or so, maybe, and that was to put the hood and blinkers on you. You're shocked, I see.

Lawnsdale—Old chappie! I'm electrocuted.

Downs—He feared us both, sah. He drugged my niggah jock, but I rode Mongrel myself and euchered him. You, sah! He left you no show at all. He bribed your jockey to pocket Sunflower.

Lawnsdale—Bribed Ike Ivory to pocket Sunflower? Is this straight goods, old chappie?

Downs—On the honor of a Southern gentleman.

Lawnsdale—Ah. If I'd suspected that, I'd have ridden Sunflower myself. I'll be even up with Tom Linson for this. Why, I'm here now as a favor to him, to deliver this letter personally to Miss Havens. It's a request for a private interview. Says if he can see her once he'll show how he's been wronged. He's waiting down on the beach now for his answer. I'll go down there and punch his head.

(Starts to go L.)

Downs—Hold on a minute. If I was you I'd deliver the letter first.

Lawnsdale—Really, old chappie, after what you've told me you couldn't expect it.

Downs—Except as a possible chance to be even up with the gentleman.

Lawnsdale—You'll have to dilate, old chappie.

Downs—I apprehend it's Linson's play to renew his engagement to Miss Havens.

Lawnsdale—Yaas.

Downs—There may linger in her heart some affection for the rascal, some regret; if so, she'll meet him.

Lawnsdale—Well?

Downs—Of course Linson swears there's nothing 'tween himself and Mrs. Braxton.

Lawnsdale—He told me in confidence that she fell in love with him; that it was her insane jealousy that made all the scandal. He says she slandered Faith Havens to break off the match.

Downs—He told you that?

Lawnsdale—Yaas! Say, Tom and Mrs. Braxton knew each other long before they met in Braxton's house.

Downs—How do you know?

Lawnsdale—I was a-lying down on the beach one night, watching the waves—had a white duck suit on—you couldn't tell me from the sand—they came along arm in arm. She said: "Tom, isn't this like the old days—the week before our marriage."

Downs—By Gad! that sounds like——

Lawnsdale—She's really Tom Linson's wife.

Downs—Say, you got more in that mushmelon (Touching Lawnsdale's head) than I gave you credit for. I guess I'll take a hand in this game. (Takes letter from Linson, looking at it) I reckon if the lady knew Linson was to meet Miss Havens——

Lawnsdale—Bah Jove! old chappie, she shall know it.

Downs—How far is it to Braxton Villa?

Lawnsdale—About five minutes' stroll—down the beach.

Downs (Takes his arm, going up to house)—Let's deliver the letter; if the answer's all right, you can see Linson and I'll see (Laughs) the lady.

Lawnsdale—Downs, old chappie, you're a peach.

(Exeunt house R. U. E.)

(Enter Alicia and Penn, R.)

Alicia—But you shouldn't let business of any kind detain you to-day.

Penn—But this business had to be closed up before Miss Havens left.

Alicia—Oh, it concerned Miss Havens. Tell me all about it and I'll forgive you.

Penn—Impossible, Alicia—that is a secret.

Alicia—Of course it's a secret. As if I didn't know that. Every time you call you and she have little quiet talks of your own—and I don't like it. There!

Penn—Oh, you don't! I believe you're jealous.

Alicia—Jealous! Indeed I'm not. Only I think you ought to tell me.

Penn—So I will tell you—some time.

(Tries to kiss her.)

Alicia—Oh, here's papa! (Kisses him)

(Enter Giles, followed by Braxton.)

And Mr. Braxton. (Business) It's so late we feared you were not coming.

Braxton—No danger of that. Penn, how are——

Alicia—I'll run in and tell mamma.

(Exit house.)

Penn (To Braxton)—You're looking well, sir.

Braxton—Thanks, Penn; I can't complain.

Giles—Complain—certainly not; you've won your fight.

Penn—They say you've snowed Linson under. I congratulate you.

Braxton—I owe my success to my friends—Downs and his horse, Mongrel—my banker, who——

Giles—There, there, cut that.

Braxton—Who stood by me—and another, one who ran enormous risks and held the market from breaking on me. One whom I have called my unknown friend—though why he should have acted in the dark I cannot understand.

Penn—What do you mean?

Giles—See here, Penn, we know all about your deals in the grain market.

Braxton—It is you, my boy, I have to thank most of all. You staked a fortune to save me.

(Takes Penn's hand.)

Giles—I had no idea that you were a millionaire.

Penn—The money was not mine. I acted for another.

Giles—Ah!

Braxton—For another——

Penn—One whose name I am not at liberty to divulge.

Giles—A woman?

Penn—Why a woman?

Giles—Because only a boy or a woman would run such a risk.

Penn—Indeed. Well, sir, I'm pleased to inform you that the boy made a neat commission for himself and placed a handsome profit to the credit of the lady.

Giles (Grasps Penn's hand warmly)—My son, I'll take you into partnership.

Penn—All right. I'll hold you to that.

(Exit house.)

Giles—I was right. It was Faith Havens.

L. of C.

Braxton—Faith Havens!

Giles (Looks off R.)—Hello! who's that lady getting out of that dog cart. By George! it's your wife.

Braxton—She——

Giles—She's coming in.

Braxton—Let me receive her.

Giles—All right, friend Braxton. I'll step into the house.

(Enter Viola, R.)

Viola—So, you are here. I've come over for a little talk.

Braxton—Why did you not send for me?

Viola—Oh, I was driving by and I thought I'd drop in—you see, I knew where to find you. Well, what are we going to do about it all?

Braxton—My business affairs are wound up. I shall leave New York.

Viola—For Paris?

Braxton—No. I may drift back to the old life in California.

Viola—I thought you were wedded to a life of speculation.

Braxton—I think I prefer wood-chopping.

Viola—They say you doubled your fortune in your last venture.

Braxton—I did not lose.

Viola—But I did.

Braxton—You played the wrong side of the market.

Viola—Everything is lost.

(Excitedly.)

Braxton—The house in town?

Viola—Gone with the rest.

Braxton—You were unfortunate.

Viola—Joseph Braxton, when I became your wife——

Braxton—Need we discuss the past? It is buried.

Viola—The evil of to-day is but the ghost of those dead days. As your wife, I hoped to forget the lover I thought faithless, to find in your affection solace for all I had endured; I tried to make you happy, and had just begun to see some light in life, when in your friend I found the man I loved.

Braxton—Linson.

(Sits.)

Viola—Years before I ever met you we had been lovers. I dared not tell you—and we—we both were weak. I tried to be loyal—but I loved him still. When you asked my aid it was too late. What you had every right to claim, I gave to him.

Braxton (Rises)—That on the wreck of my fortunes he might build his own.

Viola—I know that you despise me, but not as I despise myself; as you asked help of me that dreadful night, I now plead for your compassion. Give me one kind word—one look—I don't ask you to forgive—only to pity me!

Braxton—Then it was from you he obtained the money with which he fought me.

Viola—He lost.

Braxton—And you come to me for more?

Viola—I want to go away—to hide from all who ever knew me—I dare not meet old friends, the shame is unbearable.

Braxton—You wish to go away alone?

Viola—Yes, yes, alone.

Braxton—I don't believe you. You want to go away with him. Oh, no. I have been a fool and blind. But that's over. You have had your last laugh at the expense of Joseph Braxton.

(Goes up as if to depart.)

Viola—Wait! Admitted that what you say of my intentions is true—the advantage would be on your side—it will give you grounds for divorce.

Braxton (Turning)—And you expect me to pay you to drag my name in the dust still further? Pay you for proofs of your infamy? No!

Viola—Then you force me into the courts and compel me unwillingly to use the name of Faith Havens.

Braxton (Comes down)—Do you mean that you would bring a suit of divorce against me—using the name of that innocent girl?

Viola—As co-respondent? Yes. You can save her; you love her. Oh, my woman's eyes have seen that—take the freedom I offer; why should you care what I do, or where I go—you hesitate. I thought you were made of nobler metal. Is your money more to you than her good name? Oh, yes, I know she is innocent—I might lose my case, but think what she would suffer.

Braxton (Crosses to her; intense feeling; suppressed)—Madam! Your price!

Viola—I knew your good sense hadn't deserted you. Call at the cottage later in the evening and we will arrange the terms.

(Braxton looks at her scornfully; crosses and exits into the house.)

Viola (Shrugs)—Well, he shall pay me the money, and there's an end to it all. (Starts as if to exit) Why, here comes Tom. I—I wonder——

(She steps behind bush beside the rustic summer house as Linson enters R. and passes up into the summer house.)

Linson (Stage darkens and electric lights turned on in Giles' house)—Wouldn't there be a row if she knew of this? It's a foolish move. Suppose I set things straight with Faith. Nothing can come of it.

(Enter, Faith, house.)

Well, I shall see her—hear her voice—bid her good-bye, and that's something. (Faith comes down stage) You received my note? (Faith bows) Miss Havens, you regard me as a man devoid of honor.

Faith—I do.

Linson—Your reason for the assertion?

Faith—You sought the ruin of your friend.

Linson—I am here to refute the charge, to prove its falseness, and exonerate myself before you. I speculated on the other side of the market; in the end he won—I lost. I speculated where I saw the greatest chance to win. He did the same. Unfriendly one might term it; but I see nothing dishonorable. Why, brothers forget their blood-ties on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

Faith—Proceed!

Linson—I hold here the acknowledgment of Joseph Braxton that the dollars-and-cents column between us is balanced. His stocks, his collaterals, a perfect accounting; he cannot point to one dishonest action in our business relations. That gold mine, I advised the purchase, true; am I a swindler because my judgment was at fault?

Faith—I am listening.

Linson—You must pardon me if I now refer to what I would forever bury in silence, but I should be unjust to myself, unjust to you. It is with the keenest anguish I recall the occasion—the night at Braxton Villa, the night you came to Mr. Giles' home, the night when Joseph Braxton hurled that terrible accusation which lost me your respect and esteem.

Faith—You deceive yourself; the accusation did not influence my appreciation of your private character; that I knew——

Linson—Was——

Faith—A traitor!

Linson—What actions of mine led you to believe me so base?

Faith—Mr. Linson, I was once an unwilling witness of a scene in which you disclosed your true self.

Linson—How and where?

Faith—The day of our arrival at Long Branch. The winding path at Braxton Villa—I saw you pass your arm around her—the wife of your friend.

Linson—I recall the scene, though unaware that you were an auditor. That was previous to our betrothal, when you pledged your hand to one you believed a villain. I can hardly credit it.

Faith—My pledge was never given; you deceived yourself, and I permitted you to do so. It was to save one I loved from dishonor—my friend, Viola Braxton—and to expose your duplicity.

Linson—Duplicity? I am guilty of none. It is she, the woman who played the temptress and compromised me. In all this I am the victim, the martyr; for, Faith Havens, I love you with a love as pure as the lights of heaven! I love you——

(Faith shrinking away, Viola entering, comes between.)

Linson—I love you——

(Says to Viola, meaning Faith.)

Viola—It is false! You never loved me, and I have wasted my heart and soul on you.

(Braxton enters, house R. U. E.)

Do you remember these words: "Thomas Linson, I will be true to you as long as you are true to me"?

Linson (Takes her by arm)—Come away.

Viola—I will not.

Linson—You will.

Braxton (Coming between, hurling Linson off)—Take your hands off her or I'll brain you! (To Viola) You are still my wife.

Viola—No, no, not your wife; not yours, but his, his wife—there stands my husband.

(Points to Linson.)

Braxton—You're mad——

Viola—Ask him if I am mad! Ask him if the woman he deserted on her bridal night is mad! Ask him if the wife who

believed him dead—not false—is mad! Ask him if the woman he found in your home, bearing your name, is mad! Ask him of his treachery to you, to her, to me— I tell you, I am Mrs. Linson.

Braxton—I pity you!

Viola—I loved this man. (Referring to Linson) Oh, the purity of first love. The purity was defiled when I became his accomplice. The love has been killed to-night. (To Faith) I wronged you. I regret it. (Crosses to Linson) I will never look on your face again.

(Exit.)

Linson—It's a trick. The woman lies.

Braxton (Intense)—The most fiendish, the most treacherous savage that ever scalped a sleeping foe—the most loathsome half-breed that ever groveled on the plains, would spurn a white-skin dog who skulked behind a squaw to knife her. Go!

(Linson exit.)

(Braxton turns to Faith. Faith has been standing intensely quiet as if wrought up to a high pitch of excitement. Collapses as Braxton turns to her.)

Faith (Sinking in chair)—Oh, it was all so terrible!

Braxton (At her side, throwing arms around her)—There, there. It's all over, it's all over. They're gone, gone out of your life, gone out of my life forever.

(Both walk up towards house.)

CURTAIN.

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